

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE LIBERAL AND PROGRESSIVE PURITAN

THE celebration of the Tercentenary of the founding of Massachusetts is leading many people not only to study Puritan life but also the whole historical situation to which the Puritans belonged. There is an unfortunate tradition that the Puritan was essentially bigoted, conservative, and narrow-minded; that he made his life unnecessarily harsh and joyless; that he took delight in severely restrictive laws and in degrading punishments. The new search of history is shattering this false tradition and is shedding light on the Puritan as the real humanitarian of his era.

Anyone who studies Puritan history—and that must include the whole historical situation in which the Puritan was central—needs two mental qualities: a sense of *direction* and a perception of *proportion*. To illustrate the first of these, imagine a man on a hillside, half-way between the top and the bottom. He is not to be judged by the point at which he is standing, but by the direction in which he is *going*. It makes a difference whether he is yielding to the pull of gravity and descending to the depths or is aspiring toward the heights and putting forth all his power to attain his exalted goal.

Apply this to an estimate of Puritan life. People read of the methods by which the Massachusetts pioneers lived and compare that rugged life with the present, and they judge the Puritan to have been backward. But let us ask, Which way was the Puritan going? The answer is that the founders of Massachusetts were the most forward-looking people of that era. They were moving away from severe laws and cruel punishments. They were establishing the principles of liberty, of justice, and of progress which have bestowed upon us the fullness of their benefits.

One example of this is the fact, commonly

asserted, that "in the dead of winter those Puritans would go to church and sit in their unheated building." And plenty of people, reading this, say, "How harsh their ways of living were!" But let the critic of the Puritans learn more about the life of three centuries ago. Let him discover that *nowhere* in the world at that time, were churches heated. Let him study the life of any civilized country of a few centuries ago and learn that, whatever the country, the people worshiped in unheated churches.

People read old diaries, and search other sources of information, and compare Puritan life with our own life in such a matter as the care of the sick. How crude the methods of the physicians among the Puritans! Shall we say, also, How backward those people were? Not if we have a proper sense of direction and use it in our historical study; for we shall bear in mind that it is only three hundred years ago that so simple and fundamental a fact as the circulation of the blood was discovered. In earlier times no one in all the world knew that fact, or used it in medical methods.

Twenty thousand Puritans came to Massachusetts in the decade from 1630 to 1640. They subdued the wilderness, fought the savages, studied the soil and cultivated it, adapted their life to an unfamiliar climate, surveyed the coast, the streams, and the hills, established town sites, quarried stone and hewed timber for houses, and performed all the other arduous labor of pioneer life. Yet theirs was one of the most highly educated communities of that era in all the world. Indeed, there have been few communities in any era that could show so large a proportion of university graduates, or so high an average of general intelligence.

The code of laws which was framed in Massachusetts was one of the most humane in all the

world. A poster has been displayed, in connection with the Massachusetts Tercentenary, bearing the title "Puritan Punishments," and depicting the stocks, the pillory, the cage, and the ducking stool. The Puritans did not *invent* such things; they *discarded* them. Common in England at that time, these devices did not represent Puritanism; and the settlers of Massachusetts soon judged them to be out of harmony with their humane methods of life.

In the immortal parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus depicts two men differing in language, race, and religion—men between whom there were the most bitter prejudices. Yet when the Jew had been robbed, beaten, and left for dead on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, the traveler from Samaria put aside the deeply rooted prejudices which would have checked his normal human sympathy and he ministered to the wounded Jew. Try to imagine what would have happened if, just as the Samaritan had descended from his beast of burden and was bending over the bleeding man, a reporter from a sensational daily paper had come around a bend in the road! What a story he would have written! He could prove easily that it was the Samaritan that had robbed and beaten the Jew. The common racial prejudices and religious hatreds which separated Samaritans and Jews would have been cited as motives for a foul crime. A deed of the most tender compassion would have been represented as a brutal attack on an innocent wayfarer.

What a reversal of the story that would be! Yet it would be no greater than the reversal of the real story of the Puritan by the prejudiced writers of some of our history. The truth is that the Puritan movement was the great expression of humane impulses, of appreciation of human life, in the era of a few centuries ago. The spirit of Puritanism was bending over suffering, degraded humanity and doing a great work of compassion, of healing, of education, of progress.

A student of history needs not only a sense of *direction* but a sense of *proportion*. The Puritans, as has just been pointed out, were moving forward from a dark era toward the light of a new day. But they had a better sense of just and true relationships among men than had any other group of people in that era. The Puritan movement began long before the name was invented. That movement gathered force during a thousand years before the word Puritanism was ever uttered. There is not space to sketch, even in outline, that long road of progress. Yet we may look back a few decades into that earlier time and see the immediate background of Puritanism.

Just when Medievalism was being shattered and the real spirit of our modern life was beginning to manifest itself, there was a movement

which had tremendous meaning for the world. This was the sudden realization of the worth of human life, the power of human personality, the capacity of our human race to make progress. Men saw that the purpose of education must not be to force perverse wills into prescribed forms but to discover wholesome human mental power and guide those powers towards complete development. They saw that religion is not to impose dogmatic creeds upon men, but to reveal the capacity of men for direct personal relationships with the Eternal God. They saw that all laws, all institutions, all methods of industry and commerce must be judged by what they contributed—or failed to contribute—to human welfare. In short, they discovered the powers of men and saw that all things must be measured by their relationships with humanity. This was the dawn of our modern life.

All of western Europe was swept by new ideas the dominant one being a fervor for human unity. Puritanism gathered up all the new truths discovered, all the new hopes expressed. Then it set about the task of fulfilling them. Other men might dream idle dreams and indulge vague visions, but the Puritan movement planted the root of a humane life and labored to bring it to growth and blossom.

The Renaissance, the Revival of Learning, and the Protestant Reformation were phases of that prophetic movement which shattered medievalism and ushered in the spirit of modern times. Of course there was vast confusion and turmoil as men asserted their new doctrines of human meaning and human worth. The men of that time needed an orderly thinker, one who was logical, systematic and "hard-headed." Such a thinker was given to them in John Calvin, who was coming to young manhood four centuries ago.

It is said, and with truth, that the theology of the Puritans was Calvinistic. This is, indeed, one of the counts made against them by their critics, for it is assumed that they professed all the harsh and restrictive articles of faith that ever were connected with Calvin's name. Those who understand neither Puritanism nor Calvinism are liable to fall into the error of supposing that the Calvinistic emphasis on predestination led the Puritans into a grim and fatalistic view of life. Calvin guards clearly the emphasis on man's will, in keeping with the great faith in human values which characterized the immediate heirs of the Renaissance. The Puritan type of life was dominated by an aggressive assertion of man's will power and an exalted sense of the worth of man's personality.

A Puritan pioneer in Massachusetts shouldered his musket one morning as he started for his work in the woods. A guest, with whom he had discussed their Calvinistic faith much of the night

said to him, "Why do you go armed?" He replied tersely, "Because of the Indians." The guest said, "But you believe in the divine decrees and that, unless this be the day decreed for your death, no savage can harm you." To this the Puritan replied, "I might meet an Indian whose day has come to die, and how shall I fulfill the divine decree if I go unarmed?"

This incident is much more than an example of grim humor. It was characteristic of the Puritans to believe themselves the implements by which the will of God should be fulfilled in the world. From the doctrine of predestination they drew the conviction that they were to work actively and aggressively to accomplish God's purposes for the world. Cromwell's Ironsides reveal no tendency to think that fate had placed a barrier across their path: rather did they have a conviction that they were invincible because the Sovereign Will of the universe was impelling them, and that no barrier could stop them.

That affirmative faith marked the Puritan pioneers of this New World. In Boston they established constitutional government for the first time on American soil. They put democracy into their political and religious forms of government. Wherever Calvinism went it tended toward humane government and the overthrow of tyranny. Every political and ecclesiastical autocrat in Christendom felt his throne tremble as Calvinism spread among the common people. That faith tended strongly toward Republican government, for it taught that, in the eyes of God, the Christian of humblest station was equal to a king.

The Puritans who founded their group of New England colonies set before the eyes of men their Republican ideals and their humane religious faith. As a matter of historical fact, we owe to them the modern forms of democratic religion. Confidence in the worth of humanity was inherent in their life. Just as a living bird, after his time of incubation within a brittle shell, grows to full power, spreads his wings, and sets forth on his wondrous flight, so the outer shell of Puritan methods protected a wondrous ideal of religious power. Puritanism did not fail in the breaking of the shell; rather was it a time of triumph for the essential spirit, the dominant ideal of that creative faith.—*Henry Hallam Sounderson.*

THE world can know a living Christ only from living works.—*Wee Wisdom's Way.*

WORKING eight hours a day will never get you to the top of the pile. Success doesn't keep union hours.

OCCASIONAL depression no one can avoid, but ill temper, everybody.—*Feuchtersleben.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Prune Pudding.—One-half pound prunes, 2 cups cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 inch stick cinnamon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, sprinkling salt. Pick over and wash prunes, soak over night in cold water and boil in same water. Stone, obtain meat from stones and add to prunes and water, then add sugar or cinnamon, boiling water, and simmer 10 minutes. Dilute cornstarch in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water and add to prune mixture, stir vigorously and cook five minutes. Remove cinnamon, add lemon juice, mould, chill and serve with cream.

Butterscotch Pie.—Mix 1 cup brown sugar, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 cup milk; put into double boiler, let come to a boil, then add 3 tablespoons of flour mixed with 3 tablespoons of water. Cook until thick, then add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. When cold put in a baked pie crust and cover with 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. To each egg white add 1 teaspoon iced water, 3 tablespoons of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder. Brown 15 minutes in slow oven.

Potato Pancakes.—Soak three large potatoes in cold water three or four hours. Grate and add one beaten egg, one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and pepper to taste, and add milk to make a pouring batter. Bake on a hot griddle and serve with sausages and gravy.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Scald one scant cup of Indian meal with boiling water, using just enough to swell it. When cool, add $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups of buckwheat and four cups of warm milk or water and beat until well mixed. Add two tablespoons of molasses, one teaspoon of salt and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-fourth cup of lukewarm water. Beat hard for five minutes and let rise in a warm place over night. In the morning beat well again, let rise a second time, then stir in one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little warm water and bake on a hot griddle.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.—Butter two slices bread. Put thin slices of mild cheese on one slice, cover with other slice, and fry in oil or other fat in frying pan. These should be fried slowly, that the cheese may melt.

HANDY HINTS

When baking potatoes, parboil them for ten minutes until thoroughly heated. They bake quicker, saves fuel, both items interesting to the housewife.

A glass of orange juice is good for the baby or his great-grandmother. If troubled with acid stomach, heart burn or kindred troubles, drink orange juice; it counteracts the acid and overcomes the trouble.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" Before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

FROM ALL SOULS CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

For the following books apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds in the Home. Conn. Introduction to Rhetoric. Robins and Perkins. Mottoes of Froebel's Mother Play. Blow. The Panama Canal. Haskin. 1913. English History for Americans. Higginson & Channing. 1894. Fighting the Air (A story). Florence Marryat. The New Mathematics. Book Two. Stone. Sunny Boy in the Country. White. The Heroine in Bronze. James Lane Allen. The Keys. Margaret Deland. School History of the U. S. Mace. 1904. The Belfry. May Sinclair. Vision of Sir Launfal and other Poems (paper). Lowell. Fair Ines (Illus.). Thomas Hood. Getting a Good Job. Barrett. 1917. Evangeline. Longfellow. Round a Village Green—From a Diary. Benedict. Dream Life. Ik Marvel. Busy—The Life of an Ant. Walter F. McCaleb. Lady of the Lake. Scott. Richard II—The Arden Shakespeare. Camping Out (Illus.). Stephens. Wife of the Centaur. Hume. The Wood Carver of Lympus. Waller. Morotz. John Ayscough. The Gambler. Katherine Thurston. 1863.

Lines Left Out (Bible Stories).

Daybreak in the Dark Continent. Naylor.

The New America—Study in Immigration (paper). Barnes. 1913.

The House of Twenty-seven Gardens. Gerald L. Lee.

The Care and Feeding of Infants. Mellin's Food Co.

Outlines of Ancient History. Morey.

Up and Down the Brooks. Mary Bamford.

Three Score and Ten Years—1820-1890. W. J. Linton.

The Thorndike Arithmetic. Book One.

The Story of Sugar. George Surface. 1910.

Course in Business Essentials—III.

Healthy Living. Book Two. Winslow. 1917.

Physiology and Hygiene. Hutchinson. 1892.

Human Physiology. Ritchie. 1905.

Elements of General Science. Eikenberry and Caldwell.

General Science. Eikenberry and Caldwell.

Music Study in Germany. Amy Fay. 1908.

Principles of Economics. Seligman.

Diseases of Cattle. Department of Agriculture. 1916.

The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis Gary. 1917.

W. H. Seward's Travels Around the World. 1873.

Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys. Hall.

Scouting for Girls—Official Handbook. 1923.

Macbeth. Shakspeare. Ed. by Manly.

Lucile. Meredith.

The Deerside Lass (poetry). James Kennedy.

Prose and Verse of George Herbert.

A Vision of Three Cities Which Are but One (poetry) (paper). Winslow.
 Moslem Women. A. E. and S. M. Zwemer. 1926.
 Via Christi—An Introduction to Study of Missions.
 My Lady Nicotine. J. M. Barrie.
 Following the Sunrise (paper). Helen Montgomery.
 Under the Laburnum. (A Story.) Emma Marshall.
 The House of Happiness and other Stories. Dell.
 Bride of the Nile. Ebers.
 The Best Fellow in the World. Wright.
 The Scroll of Time. Epochs of Scripture. J. A. S. Economics. James Cunnison.
 Recreations in Astronomy. Warren. 1892.
 Grace before Meal (paper). Wells.
 The Modern Horse Doctor. Dodd. 1854.
 Reynard the Fox in Words of One Syllable.
 Junior Bank Book.
 Those Raeburn Girls.
 Schoolboy Days. Kingston.
 The Children's Second Reader. Cyr.
 But Yet a Woman. A. S. Hardy.
 Tim the Scissors Grinder (The Tim Series).
 Heriots Choice. Rosa Carey.
 The Strike at Shane's (paper). Sequel to Black Beauty.
 Cyril Ashley. A Tale by A. L. O. E.
 Good Wives (The Lily Series).
 Hagar. Macknight.
 Unswerving. (A Story.) Ernest Gilmore.
 Zell. (A Novel.) Henry Aikman.
 Wild Animal Ways. Thompson.
 Health and How to Get It. Bryson. 1912.
 The First Year of Science. Hessler. 1927.
 Modes of Motion. Dolbear. 1897.
 Nursing Problems and Obligations. Sara Parsons. 1916.
 Outline Study of Political Economy. Steele. 1885.
 Caloric Book of Recipes.
 Interpretation of the Printed Page. Clark. 1915.
 Oral English. Brewer. 1916.
 Lectures on Rhetoric. Blair.
 The Business Philosopher. (Paper Magazine.)
 Sayings, Wise and Otherwise. Cozzen.
 Preparatory Greek Course in English. Wilkin-son.
 Industrial and Social History of England. Cheyney. 1910.
 Labor in Politics. Charles N. Fay. 1920.
 The Christian League of Connecticut. Wash-ington Gladden.
 The Junior Worker and his Work. Robinson.
 The Hill Difficulty with Other Allegories. Cheever. 1849.
 An Older Boy's Problems (paper). Dexter.
 Paul the Missionary. W. M. Taylor.

Beyond City Limits (paper). Goodwin.
 A Parish Program of Religious Education. Squires.
 What Shall I do to be Saved (Illus.). Byoum.
 Presbyterian Magazine. Vol. 6 (bound). 1856.
 The Presbyterian Hymnal. 1874.
 Brown's Explication of the Assembly Catechism.
 History of Turkey. Vol. I. Lamartine.
 The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Pyle
 Our Little Swiss Cousin. Wade.
 Room for One More. Higginson.
 Sir Toody Lion. Crockett.
 Uncle Tom's Cabin. Stowe.
 Country Living. Gail Hamilton.
 Three Vassar Girls in the Tyrol. Champney.
 Extravaganza (Treasure Trove Series).
 World Almanac. 1924.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. A. M. Thacker, Pendleton, Va., has two children, a boy, 11 years old, a girl, 8 years old. They both love picture books. She would appreciate some quilt pieces for herself.

2. Mrs. Hester Spencer of Rugby, Va., would enjoy reading for herself and four children ages 12, 11, 7 and 3. The children would especially welcome picture books.

3. I haven't heard from my correspondent, Mrs. Jenetta Damon, for a long time. I have lost her address and I would like very much to hear from her. As the Government has sent my husband to a military home, I am very lone-some. I would like to receive magazines or books, also embroidery or crochet thread. My little girl 4 years old would like picture books. My baby is now 14 months old. We live three and a half miles from the nearest store so you see I don't get to go shopping very often. Mrs. Fuchsia Bauer, Cowell, Ark.

4. I want to thank all who remembered us at Xmas and all other times. I have six children ages from 14 years to 9 months. I would be so thankful for story books for them and sewing material for myself. Mrs. Carrie Parsons, Jefferson, N. C.

5. I have a family of six fatherless children, and very poor. The oldest a girl 14, the next a boy 12, the next a girl 11, and three little boys 9, 7 and 4. Their father has been dead two years and I have to work very hard but I have managed to keep them together so far. Will appreciate anything that will bring cheer to our home. Mrs. Marie Hall, 1612 Mercer Ave., N.W., Roanoke, Va.

6. I am writing to ask for books and magazines, as I am poor and not able to buy them. I have a family of seven who like to read. Mrs. Luther Testerman, Grose Close, Va., R. 1.

7. I have a little girl who has been crippled since last July. She is 13 years old and would

appreciate paper dolls, story books or quilt pieces. She has been operated on three times. Mrs. Ada Chapman, Red Oak, Texas, R. 1.

8. I have been in poor health for over a year. As I live 400 miles from all my people, I get real lonesome. Some stamped pieces and quilt scraps would help to pass the time. I have four children, three boys and one girl. The two oldest ones would enjoy story books. Their names are Blaine and Bruce, aged 7 and 5. Mrs. Della Davis, Wellville, Va.

9. I am hoping to be remembered again this year. Would like someone to send reading or anything to help keep little fingers busy to my daughter, Geanne Jones, Rex, Ark., as she has three babies under four years of age. Thanking everyone who has sent me things in the past ever so much. Would like to hear from Miss Margaret Haskell, Auburndale, Mass., as I wrote her and did not hear from her. Mrs. May Morgan, Rupert, Ark.

10. Mrs. Ola Brown, R. F. D. 5, Alpharetta, Ga., would enjoy some educational literature for her children, the oldest a girl 8, two boys, 3 and 1. She would like some remnants for the little girl to learn to piece quilts and some fiction for herself.

11. I have been given one of the *Cheerful Letters* and I see so much sunshine has been put into lives, I thought I would write you my story and perhaps you might send me cheer in some form. Last October I was in an automobile accident and both legs were broken, one five times and the other, three. I spent two months in the hospital, one at home but in bed, and don't know how long I will have to spend sitting in bed. Our expenses have been so heavy we are not able to buy anything except food. I do love to embroider but now I am not able to buy the pieces or thread. My boys love to read and I've had to cut out all books and papers. I have seven children, ages 17, 14, 12, 9, 6, 3, and 1. The four oldest and the baby are boys. Mrs. C. M. Bandy, R. 1., Box 43, Shansville, Va.

12. Mrs. Louise M. Peavey, Lock Box 40, Brooks, Maine, writes that she did not receive any of the four books for which she sent in a request about a year ago. She is hoping for better luck this time. Any interesting book would be gratefully received, but she would especially like "Emily's Quest" by L. M. Montgomery, and "Robin," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. She is now confined to her bed all of the time, and reading is one of her greatest pleasures.

13. Mrs. V. E. Bristow, R. 1, Athens, Texas, is a young married woman, 17 years old. She would enjoy reading, embroidery thread and designs.

14. I'm 13 years old and I have a little sister 4 years old. I enjoy reading and she likes picture

books. Quilt pieces and embroidery work would be very nice. I would like anything that would help in my school work. Eula Mae Trammell, R. 2, Malakoff, Texas.

15. Mrs. Sallie Luster, R. 1, Era, Texas, Cook County, wishes to thank all who have been so kind to her children and herself. Her daughter, Lucille, 9 years old, has suffered with asthma for the last four years. Anything to help cheer her would be very much appreciated.

16. I am the mother of six children, three girls ages 9, 3 and 14 months, and three boys, 8, 6 and 4 years old. My husband was in the World War and was gassed. His health is failing but has to work very hard, when able, to provide for our children. I will certainly appreciate magazines, quilt scraps, and good story books for the children for they enjoy them very much. I thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the books, magazines and quilt scraps sent in the past but have not heard from anyone for several years and I miss the magazines so much. Mrs. J. R. Hill, Box 725, Badin, N. C.

17. I am writing to ask if some one would send me any kind of light reading or magazines or any kind of pictures or picture books for my little boy, as it keeps him out of other mischief. I have two sweet little boys, the oldest 2 years old and the baby is 3 months old. I have been in poor health ever since he was born but I am hoping to get better and stronger before long. I get very lonely sometimes, as I live far from my dear mother, Mrs. J. T. Wilmer, and I don't get to see her much. Mrs. Bernard Wallace, Glasgow, Va., R. 1, Box 97.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. H. C. Phillips from Amherst, Va., R. F. D. 3, B. 71, to 517 North Allegheny Ave., Covington, Va.

Mrs. Bertha Williams from Scotland, Ark., to Archey, Ark.

Mrs. Arthur Cole, from White Top, Va., to Winding Gulf, W. Va.

Mrs. J. A. Hanks from White Top, Va., to R. F. D. 2, Quarryville, Pa.

UNCHANGING TIME

TODAY the Arab woman cooks her bread outside the shelter of reed mats and mud, which is her "house," and boils her water over a fire lit in a hole which she scoops out in front of the door. The continuity in the essentials of life is unbroken; we know that as she cooks now, so did her forebears cook 3,500 years ago, and in all likelihood when we come to dig the pre-flood levels we shall find that the same customs and the same devices go back even farther into the past.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

ARE "NATION'S FEET TURNING TO HOOFS?"

ACCORDING to Dr. H. R. Bynam of Memphis, Tenn., this country will be a nation of "hoofs instead of feet" unless properly constructed shoes become popular. At the Convention of Eastern Osteopaths recently held in New York City, he said that the government has estimated 70 per cent of the population to have foot trouble, from corns, bunions, flat feet, fallen arches and Morton's toes, to stiff, contracted, painful or aching feet. "In the mad rush for style, shoes today violate every principle of mechanics and anatomy. Nature has done wonderful work in constructing the body and in making adjustments for the mistakes of man, but there is a limit in what nature can accomplish. Heels that are too high cause postural defects that interfere with functions of other parts of the body." The pelvic organs are the first to be thrown out of line—then the stomach and lungs suffer, often tuberculosis resulting. "And so it goes on until we have an alarming number of young women who cannot bear a child without some minor surgical help."

He thinks "the time is not far distant when industrial concerns will be examining their workers for foot trouble as a measure of economic efficiency and to safeguard payroll investments. No man can be physically fit and mentally alert with any of the foot conditions that prevail at present. A man who has foot trouble is a sick man. The cause of foot trouble is bad shoeing." With "shoes for many occasions, women get some relief and prevent their feet becoming total losses." Dr. Bynam believes men more "foot conscious" than women, as they seldom buy shoes for style unless comfortable. He urges pressure upon manufacturers to alter shoes.

* * *

Many physicians have expressed alarm also at the number of "atrophied legs" produced by high heels, making the calves appear as slender sticks, through loss of muscular control, sometimes not possible to regain.

* * *

Dr. C. J. Gaddis of Chicago says no one has dared estimate the benefits that would follow if every woman once a day stopped whatever she was doing and relaxed thoroughly.

* * *

MUSHROOMS GAIN IN FAVOR AS
STAPLE OF AMERICAN DIET

"Mushrooms have become almost a staple of American diet." At least for New York the statement may be made without qualification. This city, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, not uncommonly consumes as many as thirty tons of mushrooms in a single day. It is the country's largest market, and

there are other cities that, comparatively speaking, do not lag far behind.

It is estimated that some 7,500 tons of mushrooms are grown in this country annually. The chief production centre is Eastern Pennsylvania, and here the industry has progressed so far that a growers' cooperative association has been formed.

The increasing popularity of the fresh mushroom is reflected further in the growing importance of the American canned mushroom. Canneries supplement the business of some of the farms, and the tinned product appears in several forms. The secret of successful mushroom growing is held to lie in the spawn; hence the most important part of the up-to-date mushroom farm is its laboratory, where the spawn is prepared. No hospital operating room could be more antiseptic than the laboratory of America's largest mushroom farm. The workmen dress in linen and wear white cotton gloves. The very air of the room in which they work is filtered, so that no impurities may interfere with the true mushroom spores; then the spores are placed for growing in compost that has been sterilized in an oven by heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit, and the material is packed in quart bottles capped with antiseptic cotton.

The bottle of spawn is left in a warmish room for a month for the germination of the spores; then it is transferred to a cold, dark room to await the planting of the contents. It is planting time when the dark mass is so interspersed with the fine white threads the spores send out that the bottle appears frosted. The bottle is then broken and its contents divided into enough pieces, planted a foot apart, to cover thirty square feet.—*New York Times*.

* * *

According to statistics, potatoes are New York's favorite vegetable, onions next and lettuce third. More carloads of potatoes arrive each year than of other vegetables, the state of Maine sending only potatoes. The assurance of scientists of the vitamin value of potatoes has evidently been accepted here, but in Ireland a "slump" in potato consumption is attributed to the desire of English women to remain slim.

* * *

DANGERS OF OVER-DIETING

Mrs. O. H. Smillie of Boston says, "there is no field of dietetics in which more care is required than in the treatment of overweight. No one should lose more than 30-35 pounds a year. A greater loss is always dangerous. At the table one who is overweight should confine himself to one helping of each food, eating things which are low in sugar and starch."

A Cornell Professor states that the "diet bug" has reduced the consumption of bread by 30 per cent.

Faulty diet is blamed by Dr. George Reid of Worcester, Mass., for many sore throats and nose troubles. As the body is a unit, such diet may cause catarrh or a "lesion" in the spine, which interferes with the passage of normal nerve impulses or with a proper blood supply of drainage to or from the parts affected.

* * *

CRIPPLED CHILD

Her wistful grey eyes
Are shadowed with a stain
Of purple pansy petals
Crumpled in the rain.

But the soul peering from them
Is brave and tall and fine—
Oh, braver than yours,
Oh, taller than mine.

—*Ethel Romig Fuller, in the New York Times.*

LAURA R. DONNELL.

VISIONARY APPLE TREES

UNDOUBTEDLY the apple trees seem more beautiful to us than all other blossoming trees, in all lands we have visited, just because it is so common, so universal—I mean in this west country—so familiar a sight to everyone from infancy, on which account it has more associations of a tender and beautiful kind than the others. For however beautiful it may be intrinsically, the greatest share of the charm is due to the memories that have come to be part of and one with it—the forgotten memories they may be called. For they mostly refer to a far period in our lives, to our early years, to days and events that were happy . . . which gather to the eyes at the sight of happy autumn fields and of all lovely sights familiar from of old.

Today, however, looking at the apple blooms, I find the most beautifying associations and memories not in a far-off past, but in visionary apple trees seen no longer ago than last autumn!

And this is how it comes about. In this red and green country of Devon I am apt to meet with adventures quite unlike those experienced in other countries. . . . I was on my bicycle among those deep lanes, with the unkept hedges and the great hedgerow elms shutting out a view of the country, searching once more for the village of Clyst Hyden. And as on the former occasion, years ago it seemed, I would not inquire my way of anyone. I had found it then for myself and was determined to do so again, although I had set out with the vaguest idea as to the right direction.

But hours went by and I could not find it, and now it was growing late. Through a gap in the hedge I saw the great red globe of the sun quite near the horizon, and immediately after seeing it

I was in a narrow road with a green border, which stretched away straight before me further than I could see. Then the thatched cottages of a village came into sight; all were on one side of the road, and the setting sun flaming through the trees and kindled road and trees and cottages to a shining golden flame.

"This is it!" I cried. "This is my lost village found again, and it is well I found it so late in the day, for now it looks less like even the loveliest old village in Devon than one in fairyland, or in Beulah."

When I came near it that sunset splendor did not pass off and it was indeed like no earthly village; then people came out from the houses to gaze at me, and they too were like people glorified with the sunset light and their faces shone as they advanced hurriedly to meet me, pointing with their hands and talking and laughing excitedly as if my arrival among them had been an event of great importance. In a moment they surrounded and crowded round me, and sitting still among them looking from radiant face to face I at length found my speech and exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" . . .

That sudden strange stillness startled me: I lifted my eyes and they were gone—the radiant beautiful people who had surrounded and interrogated me, and with them their shining golden village had all vanished. There was no village, no deep green lanes, and pink and white clouds of apple blossoms.—*From "A Traveller in Little Things," by W. H. Hudson.*

"WHAT DO WE PLANT?"

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag.
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey (1842-1911).*

No day is commonplace, if we had only eyes to see its splendor.—*Selected.*

A PUBLIC SCHOOL THAT WORKS AHEAD INTO NEW CHANNELS

"RESULTS? You would like to be able to record the results?" The principal of the only "Gary" School in New York City, Angelo Patri, looked away with the gently whimsical air which seems to say he is thinking beyond the immediate question and seeing far into the future.

The principal's office in School No. 45 looks a little as if it belonged in an art school. It is good, the work these children do, and it improves every year. But, "They are not all artists, are they?"

"Well, there is Antony di Fillipo, the sculptor, and Spencer Jones, who is down town as an artist on one of the papers. There is Joseph Adami, who is a musician. There is Julius Biondolillo. He is a designer of suits. He took a piece of cloth I brought home from Ireland and designed and had made for me this suit."

One concludes that these young men who leave this junior high school return, and they do. But of those in the school:

"I am a partner in a newspaper route just now," remarked Mr. Patri. "A boy came to me the other day on the playground and asked me to stake him to \$5.25 so that he could make enough money to stay in school."

Of course, this is the kind of school which is a small city in itself, for there are shops of all kinds: rug weaving, the latest introduction; book-binding; printing shop; sewing rooms; a machine shop; a cabinet shop; a pottery studio; several art rooms, of course; a farm, and probably more shops that escape enumeration. These in addition to the commercial and secretarial rooms, and the classrooms for academic studies. It is very beautiful.

Upstairs, in the assistant principal's office, Miss Stewart had a pile of galley proofs lying on her desk.

"Are you doing a book, Miss Stewart?"

"Oh, no, this is Mr. Patri's book . . . 'Pinocchio in America' . . . It is for the children. You might," she turned to two big 9B boys acting as office monitors, "look through these pages, and read the story, if you like. It's not for you big people," she tactfully explained, "but for smaller ones, but I'd like to know how you like it."

And that, in one incident, is 45 Bronx. The design for the book cover for his own "Pinocchio in America" was on the principal's desk, but he talked of the book one of his boys had written, while the current graduate upstairs tried out his own galley proofs. It is charming, and it is also very serious.

Because it is actual education that is living—a school that is part of life—such a school is helping in the progressive change in teaching methods and in the organization of the educational proc-

ess. One would like to say: Remove all textbooks; take out all the clamped-down desks; have only the teachers and the children. Say to the children: "Miss So and So teaches such and such work; Mr. So and So, this. Choose what you want to learn, and go to the teacher." Or one might say, as Gerald Stanley Lee does, "Here are the children. Now the teachers are going to choose which ones they want to work with." The result might be real teaching and real learning.

To opposition that does not or will not understand, one might concede: Let each child have a principal activity representing the core of interest for a given period of development. Then, in lessening interest, other related "subjects" grouped around this principal interest and taught in active coordination with it. There is nothing in any opposition to some such change in our ways of doing things in schools, for few are satisfied with the results we get at present.

It is instructive to compare even 45 Bronx with other schools, for 45 Bronx is far ahead of many schools in the logic of its organization and adaptability. Let us take a particular example—of Anna, say, who entered a 7A class in an ordinary school and promptly proceeded to get D in almost every subject for the term; and likewise to get into all the trouble she could find. The one subject in which she got along well was cooking; she liked it so well that she would beg to be allowed to go to the cooking room before nine, at noon, after three, whenever she could get in there. The cooking teacher adored her.

In that school Anna got a cooking lesson once a week. In 45 Bronx Anna would get a lesson in cooking every day if she wanted to. At the end of ten weeks in the cooking shop the others in the group might move on to another shop; Anna, if she wished, could remain in the cooking shop for three years.

Well, that would be better than where she was. But let us suppose Anna with the cooking room as the base of her activities. It would take Anna no time to learn geography as a study of food sources and the merchandising of food; arithmetic on a similar basis of function; spelling likewise; English, which she "hated," she would learn to read and speak if the subject matter related to foods and their preparation. It would take no argument at all to get Anna into a garden; into a chemistry class if the chemistry related to food, its sources and preparation. I can imagine Anna, for all her dislike of language, learning French quite well to read cookbooks and menus.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

"I'm going to enter Fido in the dog show next week." "Do you think he will win?" "No, but he'll meet some nice dogs."—*Tid-Bits*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

PALS

I HAVE an Airedale named Pal, and, across the street, I have a little seven-year-old neighbor, Robert—"Bob" to those who love him, of whom Pal and I are two.

Robert and Pal are real boy-and-dog pals, and if there are better kinds of pals than that, I don't know about them. They are just about the same age. When Bob was a wee, sleepy baby, Pal was a tiny, sleepy puppy. But puppies grow up faster than babies do; so, by the time Bob was about a year old, just beginning to stagger round his yard in overalls, Pal was almost grown up, and ready to guard him forever. And that winter, when Bob, sweated, legged, capped and mittened, was turned out to tumble in the snow, Pal made a regular business of tumbling with him.

Pal has always been devoted to his own family, but we are all grown-ups, and he has a feeling for his pal Bob that seems to go to the very roots of his dog heart. The devotion began long before Bob could lurch about on his own uncertain baby legs. If, in the middle of the night, little-baby Bob cried long and hard, little-puppy Pal, asleep in his basket in the lower hall, always woke up, scrambled out of his warm nest, and set up such loud sympathetic cries that one of the family was always moved to descend and assure him that his pal Bob would certainly soon feel better. We used to laugh about it with baby Bob's family and say that baby and puppy should live under one roof, because there was no comforting puppy if baby was unhappily awake.

Summer or winter, Bob's mother never had the least fear in turning Bob loose in his yard to play; for wasn't Pal always on duty? Many a time, on a hot summer day, have I looked across the street to see Pal napping in the shade of a big oak tree, and baby Bob stretched out alongside, using him for a pillow. In winter, when Bob was about five, and big enough to coast alone, his mother used to turn him out on a vacant lot back of their house, which sloped enough to make a fine coast for babies who must be kept off the streets. Then the fun those two pals had! It was no time before Bob had taught Pal to sit on the sled in front of him, and there he kept his balance till they rolled off, at the bottom of the hill, laughing and barking. Neither one could wait to drag up the sled for another glorious slide, and Pal, impatient at Bob's snail pace, would seize the rope in his strong white teeth and back up hill, jerking the sled after him. Then on they'd pile again, Bob's fat little arms hugging Pal tight, as they sped downward with the rush they both loved.

When Bob was six and had to go to school,

Pal couldn't understand matters at all. Every morning, to be sure, he trotted at Bob's side to the very school door, but there Bob left him and went in alone, with innumerable other little boys and girls in whom Pal felt no stir of interest. Bob's heart, inside the schoolroom, was broken, and Pal's, outside the school door, was broken to the point where he raised his voice in loud, protesting barks.

Always, in answer to the first bark, Bob raised pleading brown eyes which plainly asked his teacher: "Please, oh, please, may Pal come in?"

The teacher always smiled back at the pleading brown eyes, and hurried straight to Bob's desk to say as kindly as any teacher could: "Sorry, Bob; but if I let Pal in, every boy would want to bring his dog, and this is a school for little boys and girls, not for dogs, nice as they are."

So Bob, obedient to the kind teacher who made him feel, in spite of her rules, that she knew how a little boy felt about his dog pal, would slip outside the door, instantly to be almost knocked down by Pal, who jumped upon him joyfully, thinking now they could be off together.

"No," Bob would say, hugging him between jumps. "I can't come, Pal. You go home like a good dog, and I'll run all the way home. You come to meet me, Pal."

With that, Bob would walk slowly back to his desk, leaving his heart outside with Pal, and Pal would jog sorrowfully home, leaving his dog heart with Bob. Arrived at home, Pal would stretch himself out on his own front lawn, or come into his own house, and, until about a quarter to twelve, he appeared to be interested in the movements of his own family.

But let quarter to twelve come, and Pal, at no signal except the prompting of an inner sense of his own, would scamper pell-mell down the street. To the schoolhouse door? Not he. Perhaps that door meant bitter memories of parting from the little figure he always wanted with him. No, Pal would race pell-mell around the first corner and down the street for about two blocks, and there, at the same spot, day after day, he'd sit, whining softly to himself and staring, ears cocked, straight ahead. At first sight of Bob, racing pell-mell homeward, Pal was off, top speed, to meet him. Day after day, those two met as joyously as if they'd been separated years instead of hours. And the rest of the day was theirs.

But how did Pal know when it was time to start? No one ever told him. Only Bob, sending him home each morning, always besought him: "You come to meet me, Pal. Be sure to come to meet me."

One rainy morning, Pal, home from his morning walk to school, went into Bob's house, where

he is always as welcome as in his own. Bob's mother, busy about her work, forgot him until the middle of the morning, when she came upon him asleep in her front hall.

"Why, hello, Pal!" she greeted him. "You asleep the whole morning? Why don't you go find Bob?"

As she spoke, she opened the door, to sweep the porch, and Pal trotted out and down the steps.

At twelve o'clock in raced Bob for lunch. "Oh, Mother!" he shouted as soon as he and Pal were inside the door. "What do you s'pose? Pal always goes home mornings, when I send him, but to-day he must have waited the whole morning for me, 'cause when I came out, if there he wasn't!"

"Pal waited for you on the school steps all the morning?" said Mother. "Why, no, Pal went to sleep here and I woke him up when I came out to sweep. Why?"—Mother suddenly remembered her thoughtless greeting to Pal—"why, I said, 'Why don't you find Bob?' to him, and he trotted out and did exactly what I told him to. Pal, old fellow, come here!"

Pal came, and he and Mother looked at each other. "How do you know?" Mother demanded of him. "You know more than we do. How do you know?"

"How does Pal know what?" asked Bob, rubbing Pal's ears. "Why, Pal knows everything."

"You're a lucky boy," said Mother, "to have Pal love you."

Half an hour later, Bob's mother came over to my house to tell me this latest proof of the friendship between boy and dog. Together we watched the pair, Bob tugging his old express cart out of the cellar door, Pal aquiver with joy that the day's fun had at last begun.

"How does Pal know?" asked Bob's mother more than once. Is there anyone in the world who knows the answer to that question? I don't.

But we both agree, Bob's mother and I, that if there is a better kind of pals than boy and dog, we want to know about it.—*Mary Bradford in the Christian Register.*

UNUSUAL FISH

A TINY fish has been found by deep water investigators, which has "a rod, line, bait and three hooks." The hooks dangle from a tentacle about as long as the body of the fish. Examination indicates that the fish possesses muscles capable of casting these hooks for some distance in front of itself as it swims. "We were amazed," said the narrator, "at another fish we saw through a microscope. It had a stomach so elastic that it swallowed a fish three times its own size."

A CHILD AND A FLOWER

DR. FORMAN T. McLEAN, supervisor of Public Education at the New York Botanical Garden, has a national reputation as an authority on floriculture and horticulture, and is well known to our readers as a contributor to this page. His favorite flower, he says, is the gladiolus. In a charming little booklet, "A Child and a Flower," compiled by Charles A. Robinson, and devoted to short poems and writings about children, gardens and gladiolus, Dr. McLean tells of how, when a small child, his mother taught him to love flowers. Dr. McLean says:

"After 30 years of growing and studying flowers, I am perhaps to be pardoned if I look back to the youthful beginning and see how this interest arose. Born on a farm in the heavy bottom lands of New Jersey, bordering the pine barrens, my brother and I were led afiel in woods and meadows to study the wild things, and our mother taught us the names of the plants as soon as we learned to talk at all.

"Our first gardens were, of course, crude affairs. Our seedings of asters, poppies, phlox and balsams usually pined way in the hard soil which we tramped down so assiduously in watching the little plants develop. Our flowering bulbs with their great reserve of stored food stood our childish mistreatment much better, and our gladiolus thrived despite us.

"This flower we found was the ideal one for the child to grow, for it is sure to succeed and to yield tall, bright stalks of flowers with engaging expressions on the face of each bloom. This trait of expression in the gladiolus and the pansy endear them to the hearts of children everywhere.

"So I would advise every child to have pansies for the springtime and gladiolus for the summer. Both are easily grown and both respond so lavishly to thought and care that they imperceptibly teach the children while encouraging them always to do better by their bountiful response to the slightest attention. Now that the modern gladiolus has grown so far above the primitive little red and yellow blooms that were the common kinds in the days of our childhood, there is still greater reason for children to love and study them."

FOND Father: "Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you shouldn't cry." Tommy: "What's — crying — for — then?" — *Beacon Herald.*

TANNED face of June, the nomad gypsy, laughs Above her widespread wares, the while she tells The farmers' fortunes in the fields, and quaffs The water from the spider-peopled wells.

—*Francis Ledwidge.*

I STEPPED IN YOUR STEPS ALL THE WAY

A FATHER and his tiny son

Crossed a rough street one stormy day,
"See, Papa," cried the little one,
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

Ah, random childish hands, that deal
Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!
It touched him with the touch of steel—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If this man shirks his manhood's due,
And heeds what lying voices say,
It is not one who falls, but two—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they who thrust off greed and fear,
Who love and watch, who toil and pray—
How their hearts carol when they hear:
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"
—Roy Temple House.

A BUTTERCUP

A GOLDEN smile, a cup that holds
The glory of a new day's light,
She stands up slenderly and straight,
More joyous than all else in sight.

Nor arrogance nor vain display
Inspires her freely flung largesse.
She would but catch and radiate
Her monarch's flaming loveliness.
—Pauline Pearl Strachan.

ALSO WHO DOES HARTFORD CONN?—

How much did Philadelphia Pa?
How much does Columbus O?
How many eggs did Louisiana La?
What grass did Joplin Mo?
We call Minneapolis Minn,
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why,
Perhaps Topeka Kan. Two bells.
—The Log.

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